Date: 03-12-89 14:06
From: Shadow Hawk

Night Wind

Night Wind whispers gently through the trees tonight,
Soon, softly, soon they whisper in delight,
Flights of Night Visions take wing in the night,
Off to the slumbers of children to bring Joy and Fright.

Over house, street, mountain and meadow
Wind flies swirling, fast and then slow,
To windows of children, it's dreams to bestow,
Dreams of Heros, Dragons, Maidens and more.

Little faces move in the night,
Eyes seeing Night Dreams of Horror and Delight,
Innocent faces asleep in the night,
While mighty undertakings go on with Inner Light.

Strong do they battle, they play in the night,
While parents lie dreaming of their own fear and delight.
Deep in the Heart of the Night Wind they soar,
No longer Children, but Adventurers and More.

Explorers and Travellers, Saints and Devils,
The Children of Day become Night's greatest Messengers,

Carrying word of Great Cities, Underground Oceans and Life,
Back to the day to see the Sun's light.

And in the morning as Night Wind retires,
Bright little faces alight with the glow,
Tell Tales of Valour and Strife into he night,
and condescending pats on their Heads is their plight.

Off to your play they are told in the Day,
Enough of this dreaming they are told is the way,
That they are growing up and that this is the Real Way,
Dreams are for nighttime, and not for the day.

Dreams are for Dreamers, now you go and Play,
And the Mighty Warriors on the Night go into the Day,
Playing with dolls and trucks and clay,
The mighty forget Night's battles along the way.

But Deep in the forest, the cave, and the Dark,
Night Wind lies Dreaming and awaiting the Time,
When Night visions once more take to flight,
And Children of Day become Warriors of the Night.

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